

The Daughter of Earth

Her cheeks have all the Tyrian dye,
Like Spring when all her winds are south;
All mystery dwells in her eyes,
And all love's witcheries round her mouth:

Which is a wondrous Cupid's bow,
Full sweet and ripe; maturity
Of scarlet honey hilled in snow,
Whereon a god might cling and die.

Her hair, it is of sunlight spun,
And beechen copper round her brow:
Her face! Who can express it? One
Needs all the skill love can endow,

To picture all its perfect curves,
And marbled paeon, rose of dawn,
Where mischief lures, or pride reserves
The beauty of the startled fawn.

Her eyes, a universe alone,
Like opals flamed with velvet fire;
Where all unconscious on his throne,
A god unwaked, sleeps young Desire.

And when I gaze upon her, I
All other sense of life forget,
All fear and hate, all memory,
All sense of pain and old regret:

All save that hour, immortal woe!
Down the long centuries that blur,
Beside Atlantis' slopes of snow,
When I, a young god, gazed on her;

And knew her first, that woeful dream
Of fear, joy, beauty, lure and mirth;
Compounded rich of bole and gleam
Exquisite essence of all earth;—

The while Atlantis' peak reared high,
And all great Ocean's stream ran round;
And Heaven and Earth death's ecstasy,
And immortality had found.

Wishing you & Mrs. Lady &
the boys, a very happy New Year
from your friend
Edith Sandhill